

GENIUS.

BY MRS. EMILY JUDSON.

There is a melancholy pleasure in turning over the records of genius, and familiarizing ourselves with the secret workings of those minds that have, from time to time, made memorable the ages in which they lived, and ennobled the several nations which gave them birth. But it is not the indulgence of this feeling which makes such a study peculiarly profitable to us: from these records we may learn much of the philosophy of the human mind in its most luxurious developments. Genius seems to be confined to no soil, no government, no age or nation, and no rank in society. When men lived in wandering tribes and could boast no literature, the bright flame burned among them, although wild and often deadly its ray; and the foot of oppression, which crushes all else, has failed to extinguish it. Hence it has rashly been inferred that this peculiar gift, possessed by the favored few, may be perfected without any exertion on their part, and is subject to none of the rules which in all other cases govern intellect: but that, uncontrolled and uncontrollable, it must burst forth when and where it will, and be burned up in the blaze of its own glory, leaving but the halo of its former brightness upon the historic page. This inference, however, is alike erroneous and dangerous. Though genius be an unsought gift, a peculiar emanation from the Divine Mind, it was not originally intended as a glorious curse to crush the spirit which it elevates. Perchance the pent-up stream within the soul *must* find an avenue; but he who bears the gift may choose that avenue: may direct, control and divert; he may scatter the living waters on a thousand objects, or pour their whole force upon one; he may calm and purify them, by this means rendering them none the less deep, or he may allow them to dash and foam until, however they sparkle, the dark sediments of vice and misery thus made to mingle, may be found in every gem.

Let us turn to the oft-quoted names of Byron and Burns—names that can scarcely be mentioned by the admirers of genius without a thrill of pain. To the poor ploughman on the banks of the Doon was sent the glorious talisman, and with it he unlocked the portals of nature, and read truths even in the flower overturned by his ploughshare unseen by common eyes. But mark his veering course, think of his (comparatively) wasted energies. He could love the wild flowers in the braes and the sunlight on the banks of his "bonny Doon;" he could, at least, at one time, smile at his lowly lot; and he ever contended against fortune with a strong and fearless hand. But while the polished society of Edinburgh owned his power, and he swayed the hearts of lads and lasses of his own degree at will, he could not control *himself*; and many of those light songs, which are now on glad lips, might, could we enter into the secrets of the poor bard, be but the sad way-marks of the aching heart as it grew each day heavier till it sank into the grave. Burns, the light-hearted lover of his "Highland Mary," and Burns, the care-worn ex-

ciseman, were very different persons; but neither outward circumstances nor the genius that characterized both alike was the cause. The world has been blamed in his case, but the world, after it first noticed, could have done nothing to save. The poet, had he known his moral strength, and cared to exert it, could have saved himself, as his superiority to many of the foibles and prejudices of human nature, and his manly independence on many occasions, evinced.

Byron, like his own archangel ruined guiding a fallen son of clay in his search after mysteries, has delved among hidden treasures, and spread before us the richest gems of Helicon: but scarce one of these but is dark in its glory, and, although burning with all the fire of heaven-born poesy, sends forth a mingled and dangerous ray. But had a mother whispered her pious counsels in his ear in boyhood, had a friendly finger pointed out a nobler revenge when that first cutting satire was penned, and had a better, a holier sentiment than the mean passion of revenge urged him on to action and governed his after aspirations, think you that the archangel of earth would have stood less glorious? No. Byron's spirit had a self-rectifying power, and he could have used it, but he did not; and, although he has well won the laurel, a poison more bitter than death is dropping from every leaf.

It was not an ungrateful public that spread the death-couch of *Savage* in a debtor's prison, or dug the suicidal grave of "Bristol's wondrous boy." They were themselves ungrateful; they guarded not well the gift they bore, and fell victims to their own misdirected powers.

The common mind, never tempted, may wonder at the waywardness of genius, and despise the weakness of its possessor; and the generous one that sees the struggle and mourns the wreck, may pity and apologize; and both are in some degree right. While we admire and pity, we must wonder at the weakness of the strength that, subduing all else, failed beneath its own weight. We know that the gifted ones of earth often have stronger passions, more irresistible wills, and quicker and more dangerous impulses than other men; and for this very reason should they cultivate more assiduously the noble powers by which these passions and impulses are governed. Each individual possesses them; but they *must be cultivated*.

It is our conception of the mysteries of this gift which leads us to look back with such peculiar interest upon the infancy of a man of genius, expecting there to discover, at least, some flashes of the divine ray which lighted up his after life. The dusty memoirs of nurses and village oracles are ransacked for anecdotes, which often-times neither the additions suggested by pride and partial affection, nor the transforming medium of the past through which they are viewed, can swell into anything like superiority to the sayings and doings of other children. He who will watch an intelligent child, through one day, will be astonished at the bright flashes of untaught intellect which, could they be abstracted from the childish notions in which they are almost entirely buried, would be thought by any but him

who found them in such amusing vicinity, the sure precursors of greatness.

True, real genius often shows itself in childhood; but that it always does, or that such a development is desirable, may be seriously questioned. The child who writes verses at six, or gives other indications of a genius surpassing his years, may be wondered at and admired as a prodigy, but the parent ought to tremble to observe the premature fruit bursting through the petals of the not yet unfolded bud. There is an evidence of disease in this which, in one way or another, almost always proves fatal. This unnatural power wears out itself or the frame of its possessor; either the mind or the body must fail under such a rapid development.

The village pedagogue in his old age may look about him wonderingly, for it is not unlikely that the least promising of all his flock takes the highest stand, while his bright, ever-ready favorite, that he was sure would become a *great man*, does not rise above mediocrity. There is nothing strange or capricious in this. It is the sure result of natural causes, and has its counterpart in all the works of nature—even in the human frame. Rapid growth produces weakness in the bones and sinews; and, in some cases, this growth has been so rapid as to become an actual disease, and carry its victim to the grave. Many are the instances of intellectual growth so rapid as to weaken the mind and sink it even below mediocrity, or, on the other hand, to produce premature death. For examples of this last result, we must not go to the tombs of the early dead in the old world, nor is it necessary to visit the banks of Saranac, where drooped the fairest buds that ever shed the fragrance of heaven upon earth. We can find them in our own midst. Many are the gifted little beings who, after basking in the sunshine and rejoicing among the flowers for a few short summers, pass away, all unknown to the world—leaving only the frail memories of their early genius to soothe, yet sadden even in the moment of soothing, the hearts that cherished them.

It would be going too far to censure those who have the guidance of such minds; but it would save worlds of disappointment, did they know that such promises are deceitful and deserving of but little confidence. And, sometimes, doubtless, the poor victim might be saved years of pain and disease, and, perchance, be spared to the world through a long life, were not the powers of the mind forced by unnatural means to expand too soon—before either the mind or body had acquired the strength and hardness necessary to its own healthy existence. Many have seen this evil, and endeavored to remedy it by checking such unnatural growth; but this is, perhaps, the most fatal error that could be committed. The mind, when it first becomes conscious of its own capabilities, puts no limits to them, and will only be urged onward by each barrier thrown in its way; but a judicious hand may direct its course, calm its turbulence, soothe its sensitiveness, and teach it to be its own supporter, without endangering in the least degree its freshness and originality. The power of controlling its own impulses does not render a nature *tame*; but as it is necessary

to every person, how much more so to him who has a strong, high spirit that cannot be subdued by others; that, spurning the control of him who should be its master, overmasters him, and is left unprotected.

KIND WORDS.

We have more than once, in our rapidly written reflections, urged the policy and propriety of kindness, courtesy and good will between man and man. It is so easy for an individual to manifest amenity of spirit, to avoid harshness, and thus to cheer and gladden the paths of all over whom he may have influence or control, that it is really surprising to find any one pursuing the very opposite course. Strange as it may appear, there are among the children of men, hundreds who seem to take delight in making others unhappy. They rejoice at an opportunity of being the messengers of evil tidings. They are jealous or malignant; and in either case they exult in inflicting a wound. The ancients, in most nations, had a peculiar dislike to croakers, prophets of evil, and the bearers of evil tidings. It is recorded that the messenger from the banks of the Tigris, who first announced the defeat of the Roman army by the Persians, and the death of the Emperor Julian, in a Roman city of Asia Minor, was instantly buried under a heap of stones thrown upon him by an indignant populace. And yet this messenger was innocent, and reluctantly discharged a painful duty. But how different the spirit and the motive of volunteers in such cases—those who exult in an opportunity of communicating bad news, and in some degree revel over the very agony which it produces. The sensitive, the generous, the honorable, would ever be spared from such painful missions. A case of more recent occurrence may be referred to as in point. We allude to the murder of Mr. Roberts, a farmer of New Jersey, who was robbed and shot in his own wagon, near Camden. It became necessary that the sad intelligence should be broken to his wife and family with as much delicacy as possible. A neighbor was selected for the task, and at first consented. But on consideration, his heart failed him. He could not, he said, communicate the details of a tragedy so appalling, and he begged to be excused. Another, formed, it was thought, of sterner stuff, was then fixed upon; but he too, rough and bluff as he was in his ordinary manners, possessed the heart of a generous and sympathetic human being, and also respectfully declined. A third made a like objection, and at last a female friend of the family was with much difficulty persuaded, in company with another, to undertake the mournful task. And yet, we repeat, there are in society, individuals who delight in contributing to the misery of others,—who are eager to circulate a slander, to chronicle a ruin, to revive a forgotten error, to wound, sting and annoy, whenever they may do so with impunity. How much better the gentle, the generous, the magnanimous policy! Why not do every thing that may be done for the happiness of our fellow creatures, without seeking out their weak points, irritating their half-healed wounds, jarring their sensibilities, or embittering

their thoughts! The magic of kind words and a kind manner can scarcely be over-estimated. Our fellow creatures are more sensitive than is generally imagined. We have known cases in which a gentle courtesy has been remembered with pleasure for years. Who indeed cannot look back into "bygone time," and discover some smile, some look or other demonstration of regard or esteem, calculated to bless and brighten every hour of after existence! "Kind words," says an eminent writer, "do not cost much. It does not take long to utter them. They never blister the tongue or lips on their passage into the world, or occasion any other kind of bodily suffering; and we have never heard of any mental trouble arising from this quarter. Though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much. 1. They help one's own good nature and good will. One cannot be in a habit of this kind, without thereby pecking away something of the granite roughness of his own nature. Soft words will soften his own soul. Philosophers tell us that the angry words a man uses in his passion are fuel to the flame of his wrath, and make it blaze the more fiercely. Why, then, should not words of the opposite character produce opposite results, and that most blessed of all passions of the soul, kindness, be augmented by kind words? People that are for ever speaking kindly, are for ever disinclining themselves to ill-temper. 2. Kind words make other people good-natured. Cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and sarcastic words irritate them, and bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful. And kind words also produce their own image on men's souls; and a beautiful image it is. They soothe, and quiet, and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings; and he has to become kind himself. There is such a rush of all other kinds of words in our days, that it seems desirable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words, idle words, hasty words, spiteful words, silly words, and empty words. Now kind words are better than the whole of them; and it is a pity that, among the improvements of the present age, birds of this feather might not have more of a chance than they have had to spread their wings."

It is indeed! Kind words should be brought into more general use. Those in authority should employ them more frequently, when addressing the less fortunate among mankind. Employers should use them in their intercourse with their workmen. Parents should utter them on every occasion to their children. The rich should never forget an opportunity of speaking kindly to the poor. Neighbors and friends should emulate each other in the employment of mild, gentle, frank, and kindly language. But this cannot be done unless each endeavors to control himself. Our passions and our prejudices must be kept in check. If we find that we have a neighbor on the other side of the way, who has been more fortunate in a worldly sense than we have been, and if we discover a little jealousy or envy creeping into our opinions and feelings, concerning said neighbor—let us be careful, endeavor to put a rein upon our tongues, and to avoid the indul-

gence of malevolence or ill-will. If we, on the other hand, have been fortunate, have enough and to spare, and there happens to be in our circle some who are dependent upon us, some who look up to us with love and respect—let us be generous, courteous, and kind—and thus we shall not only discharge a duty, but prove a source of happiness to others.—*Pennsylvania Inquirer.*



THE DUKE AND HIS COOK.—The Duke of Wellington once requested the connoisseur whom the author of *Tancred* terms "the finest judge in Europe," to provide him a *chef*. Felix, whom the late Lord Seaford was reluctantly about to part with on economical grounds, was recommended and received. Some months afterwards his patron was dining with Lord Seaford, and before the first course was half over, he observed, "So I find you have got the duke's cook to dress your dinner?" "I have got Felix," replied Lord S., "but he is no longer the duke's cook. The poor fellow came to me with tears in his eyes, and begged me to take him back again, at reduced wages, or no wages at all, for he was determined not to remain at Apsley House. 'Has the duke been finding fault?' said I. 'Oh no, my lord; I would say if he had, he is the kindest and most liberal of masters: but I serve him a dinner that would make Ude or Francatelli burst with envy, and he says nothing; I serve him a dinner dressed, and badly dressed by the cook-maid, and he says nothing. I cannot live with such a master, if he was a hundred times a hero.'"



DREAMS.

BY D. P. THOMPSON, AUTHOR OF "LOCKE AMSDEN," &c.

[The following suggestive article, which has been published before, though not widely circulated, is furnished for our use by the author.]

The subject of dreams, whether we look upon them as natural or supernatural—whether we view them as the mere workings of the mind divested of part of its faculties, or as the medium of intimations received from spiritual beings, presents some of the most curious and interesting inquiries which come within the scope of intellectual philosophy. In regard to ordinary dreams, which few at the present day, except the people of the most untutored nations, would think of attributing to any supernatural agencies, various theories have been started by the different writers on the philosophy of the mind—some treating them as but the reflex of memory, or a recurrence of such thoughts and images as have, at some time or other, before occupied the mind, while others consider them as only the play of unrestrained imagination—the last of which theories may be found very happily embodied in a couplet of Dryden—

"Dreams are but interludes which Fancy makes;
When Reason sleeps her mimic monster wakes."

But neither of these theories, we imagine, when separately considered, are very well sustained by the experience of dreamers. We have had scores of dreams, in which neither the scenes nor the particular thoughts and images presented, we were confident, ever before passed through our mind; and others whom we have consulted on the subject, have assured us of a similar experience. Nor is it any more correct, probably, to attribute dreams only to the action of unrestricted fancy. This faculty never appeared to us to be very active in dreams; but, on the contrary, seemed to be nearly as much clogged and weakened as any other faculty of the mind. Indeed, both these theories put together would not account for all, nor perhaps half the mental operations which transpire in our slumbers; for experience will soon teach any one, who will be at the pains of taking note of the matter, that there are several other sources to which dreams may often be directly traced. One of these is the presence of some strong emotion, or harrowing anxiety, which continuing to press, or at least to linger upon the feelings, after we fall asleep, give a like character to all the figurings of the dreaming mind. Another prolific source of dreams may be found in the disturbing proximity of external objects, or of noises, which coming in contact with the sleeper, or striking upon his half-closed senses, but not forcibly enough to awaken him, give rise to a new dream, or become curiously incorporated with one already in progress. Sometimes when two persons are sleeping together in the same bed, the dreams of one of them, if attended by restlessness or mutterings, will set the other dreaming,—often, perhaps, on the same subject, but oftener, probably, on one which places them in antagonistic positions; and thus they will go on until the strange rivalry results in some ludicrous catastrophe. We once witnessed an amus-

ing instance of this kind, which we will relate by way of illustration:—

In the days of our young ambition, there came along a sort of professor, or teacher of great pretensions, who, advertising for a class of such as wished to become good instructors, whom he promised to accomplish in six weeks, soon collected around him about a dozen of us embryo lords of the birch and ferule. Three of us, including a great, green moose of a fellow, who went among us by the appellation of *Big Moses*, were, by special favor, invited to board, and occupy the same sleeping apartment with the Professor. Two of us being middling-sized chaps, while the Professor was remarkably thin, and *Big Moses* as remarkably thick, it was arranged that the two former should occupy one of the couple of beds prepared for us, and the two latter the other, the beds being situated at opposite ends of a long hall. Sometime during the first night of this quadruple occupancy of our new sleeping quarters, we—that is, the writer of this article—were awakened by a loud thumping, which was repeated quite regularly at intervals of, perhaps, a minute each, and which our ears, well practiced in rustic sounds, soon told us proceeded from a loosened trough, that the restless grunter of the adjoining piggery was lifting up and letting fall from the end of his snout. The same sound which had awakened us was, in the meanwhile, it appeared, taking effect upon the harder sleepers of the other bed, but without awakening them, though the noise was almost directly under them. It set the Professor dreaming afresh, and of a thunder storm, which, from the frequency of the electric explosions, he thought, was approaching at an alarming rate directly towards him. But *Big Moses*, who was already dreaming, made, it seemed, quite a different application of these sounds by weaving them very skillfully into the dream he had in progress, which, naturally enough, was that of his first attempt at school-keeping. He thought he was getting on tolerably well with his school considering the number of his pupils, and the rather ominous size of several of them, of whom he felt a little distrustful. But all at once he was aroused by a loud thump on one of the back benches, and turning, he beheld a row of uprisen mutineers, preparing to leap out and seize him, as was sufficiently manifest from their menacing looks and brandished fists, which from time to time, they seemed to bring down with heavy, significant blows on the desk before them. Presently the words, *coming, strike, kill, &c.*, which were muttered by the Professor, reaching his ears, and being taken as the threats of what the mutineers were on the point of executing, he at once resolved to anticipate them by assailing the foremost. And accordingly, both in dream and reality, he brought round his clenched fist with a furious sweep directly into the face of the sleeping Professor, giving him a blow in the eye, which answered, as it appeared, for both the thunder and lightning of the storm his fancy had been manufacturing out of the thumpings of the hog's trough: for, in an instant, he leaped from his bed with a wild cry of pain and affright, and with one hand pressed tightly to the injured part, bounded, like a parched pea, through the hall towards the

door, exclaiming in the honesty of his heart, and at the top of his voice, "*Spring, Moses! spring for your life! The lightning has struck the house, and it's tumbling about our ears! one of the rafters has hit me on the head and nearly knocked my eye out!*"

Dreams of the class we have been enumerating though often singular enough, present, nevertheless, nothing very mysterious or difficult of solution: being sometimes produced by ill health, sometimes by a prevailing care, sometimes by accidental circumstances, as in the case above related, and sometimes by a combination of part or all the causes just enumerated. We will therefore pass to another class of these mental operations, which being more vivid and connected, and being also followed by the events which they appear to have foreshadowed, deserve more serious consideration. We allude to what are termed prophetic dreams. Of these a great proportion doubtless may be explained on natural principles: since they often become the direct cause of the event they seem to predict. For instance, a person dreams of his or her own death. The dream is taken as truly foreshowing such an event—the consequence is a deep despondency, which soon deranges all the functions of life, and ends in disease and death. Again the young man dreams of being married to a young lady whom he never before thought of addressing. The dream lingers, and produces, as all kindly dreams do, we imagine, a softening effect on the feelings; and these feelings soon lead him into a course which very naturally results in the event thus seemingly foretold. And such also may be the case with dreams that foretell the obtaining of wealth, or other desired objects. They may produce a faith of success which prompts to those exertions that were only necessary to secure the end thus prognosticated. And we have no doubt that many a death—many a marriage, and many another kind of event, may be traced back directly to what have been taken as prophetic dreams: yet, at the same time, be but the legitimate effect of such dreams, brought about by the operation of natural means.

But there is a class of dreams, which have ever confounded the wisest of those, who have attempted thus to account for them, since the world began. Such, to say nothing of those sacred prophecies which were avowedly made through the medium of dreams—such were the dreams of the wise men of the East, which warned them to avoid the murderous Herod, after their discovery of the new-born Messiah—such the dream of Pilate's wife, which caused him to refuse all sanction of the crucifixion—such the dream of the imperial consort of Caesar, which, without previous suspicions, so distinctly foretold her husband's approaching assassination. Such, in more modern times, was the dream, which, in the case of the Rev. William Tenant, of New Jersey, (who from his resemblance to a certain felon was about to be convicted of horse theft) brought a man fifty miles to prove an alibi; and such, to cite no more of the numerous cases which might be adduced, was the dream of a lady in Massachusetts, who, being engaged for a boat ride, and dreaming she was to be drowned, persuaded her husband to take her to a ride into the country; when, by the fright of their horse, she was thrown from a

bridge, and met the fate she was seeking to avoid.

But what shall we say to cases like these? To deny the occasional occurrence and fulfilment of such dreams, is, as it appears to us, to set all human testimony at defiance:—to attribute that fulfilment to chance, is too much like attributing the machinery of the universe to the same source; and to account for them on natural principles, is a task which comes not, we confess, within the scope of our ingenuity. How, then, shall we account for them? To those who, like ourselves, think it probable that men are still occasionally permitted to receive from ministering spirits intimations of coming destinies, or aught else which the designs of Providence require to be communicated, the matter stands explained: to those who reject such belief, we can say no more; and must therefore leave to them the task of explaining in any other way, if they can, what to both learned and unlearned, has so long been a theme of awe and of mystery.

REGULATION OF THE TEMPER.

There is considerable ground for thinking that the opinion very generally prevails that the temper is something beyond the power of regulation, control or government. A good temper, too, if we may judge from the usual excuses for the want of it, is hardly regarded in the light of an attainable quality. To be slow in taking offence, and moderate in the expression of resentment, in which things good temper consists, seems to be generally reckoned rather among the gifts of nature, the privileges of a happy constitution, than among the possible results of careful self-discipline. When we have been fretted by some petty grievance, or hurried by some reasonable cause of offence into a degree of anger far beyond what the occasion required, our subsequent regret is seldom of a kind for which we are likely to be much better. We bewail ourselves for a misfortune, rather than condemn ourselves for a fault. We speak of our unhappy temper as if it were something that entirely removed the blame from us, and threw it all upon the peculiar and unavoidable sensitiveness of our frame. A peevish and irritable temper is, indeed, an *unhappy* one; a source of misery to ourselves and to others; but it is not, in *all* cases, so valid an excuse for being easily provoked, as it is usually supposed to be.

A good temper is too important a source of happiness, and an ill temper too important a source of misery, to be treated with indifference or hopelessness. The false excuses or modes of regarding this matter, to which we have referred, should be exposed; for until their invalidity and incorrectness are exposed, no efforts, or but feeble ones, will be put forth to regulate an ill temper, or to cultivate a good one.

We allow that there are great differences of natural constitution. One who is endowed with a poetical temperament, or a keen sense of beauty, or a great love of order, or very large ideality, will be pained by the want or the opposites of these qualities, where one less amply endowed would suffer no provocation whatever. What

would grate most harshly on the ear of an eminent musician, might not be noticed at all by one whose musical faculties were unusually small. The same holds true in regard to some other, besides musical deficiencies or discords. A delicate and sickly frame will feel annoyed by what would not at all disturb the same frame in a state of vigorous health. Particular circumstances, also, may expose some to greater trials and vexations than others. But, after all this is granted, the only *reasonable* conclusion seems to be, that the attempt to govern the temper is more difficult in some cases than in others; not that it is, in any case, impossible. It is, at least, certain that an opinion of its impossibility is an effectual bar against entering upon it. On the other hand, "believe that you will succeed, and you will succeed," is a maxim which has nowhere been more frequently verified than in the moral world. It should be among the first maxims admitted, and the last abandoned, by every earnest seeker of his own moral improvement.

Then, too, facts demonstrate that much has been done and can be done in regulating the worst of tempers. The most irritable or peevish temper has been restrained by company; has been subdued by interest; has been awed by fear; has been softened by grief; has been soothed by kindness. A bad temper has shown itself, in the same individuals, capable of increase, liable to change, accessible to motives. Such facts are enough to encourage, in every case, an attempt to govern the temper. All the miseries of a bad temper, and all the blessings of a good one, may be attained by an habitual tolerance, concern and kindness for others—by an habitual restraint of considerations and feelings entirely selfish.

To those of our readers who feel moved or resolved by the considerations we have named to attempt to regulate their temper, or to cultivate one of a higher order of excellence, we would submit a few suggestions which may assist them in their somewhat difficult undertaking.

See, first of all, that you set as high a value on the comfort of those with whom you have to do as you do on your own. If you regard your own comfort *exclusively*, you will not make the allowances which a *proper* regard to the happiness of others would lead you to do.

Avoid, particularly in your intercourse with those to whom it is of most consequence that your temper should be gentle and forbearing—avoid raising into undue importance the little failings which you may perceive in them, or the trifling disappointments which they may occasion you. If we make it a subject of vexation, that the beings among whom we are destined to live, are not perfect, we must give up all hope of attaining a temper not easily provoked. A habit of trying everything by the standard of perfection vitiates the temper more than it improves the understanding, and disposes the mind to discern faults with an unhappy penetration. I would not have you shut your eyes to the errors or follies, or thoughtlessnesses of your friends, but only not to magnify them or view them microscopically. Regard them in others as you would have them regard the same things in you, in an exchange of circumstances.

Do not forget to make due allowances for the original constitution and the manner of education or bringing up, which has been the lot of those with whom you have to do. Make such excuses for others as the circumstances of their constitution, rearing, and youthful associations, do fairly demand.

Always put the best construction on the motives of others, when their conduct admits of more than one way of understanding it. In many cases, where neglect or ill intention seems evident at first sight, it may prove true that "second thoughts are best." Indeed, this common saying is never more likely to prove true than in cases in which the *first* thoughts were the dictates of anger. And even when the first thoughts are confirmed by further evidence, yet the habit of always waiting for complete evidence before we condemn, must have a calming and moderating effect upon the temper, while it will take nothing from the authority of our just censures.

It will, further, be a great help to our efforts, as well as our desires, for the government of the temper, if we consider frequently and seriously the natural consequences of hasty resentments, angry replies, rebukes impatiently given or impatiently received, muttered discontents, sullen looks and harsh words. It may safely be asserted that the consequences of these and other ways in which ill-temper may show itself, are *entirely* evil. The feelings which accompany them in ourselves, and those which they excite in others, are unprofitable as well as painful. They lessen our own comfort, and tend often rather to prevent than to promote the improvement of those with whom we find fault. If we give even friendly and judicious counsels in a harsh and pettish tone, we excite against *them* the repugnance naturally felt to our *manner*. The consequence is, that the advice is slighted, and the peevish adviser pitied, despised or hated.

When we cannot succeed in putting a restraint on our *feelings* of anger or dissatisfaction, we can at least check the *expression* of those feelings. If our thoughts are not always in our power, our words and actions and looks may be brought under our command; and a command over these expressions of our thoughts and feelings will be found no mean help towards obtaining an increase of power over our thoughts and feelings themselves. At least, one great good will be effected: time will be gained; time for reflection, time for charitable allowances and excuses.

Lastly, seek the help of religion. Consider how you may most certainly secure the approbation of God. For a good temper, or a well-regulated temper, *may be* the constant homage of a truly religious man to that God, whose love and long-suffering forbearance surpass all human love and forbearance.

John's wife and John were *te-te-a-te-te*;

She witty was, industrious he;

Says John "I've earned the bread we've ate,"

"And I," says she, "have *urn'd* the tea."

When does a man devour a musical instrument? When he has a piano-forte (piano for tea.)